



# ~~And~~ Lines composed ON THE DARK DAY

OF MAY 19, 1780.

**L**ET us adore, and bow before,  
The sovereign Lord of night;  
Who turns away the shining day,  
Into the shades of night.

All nature stands when he commands,  
Or changes in its course  
His mighty hand rules sea and land,  
He is the LORD of Hosts.

Nineteenth of May a gloomy day,  
When darkness veil'd the sky;  
The Sun's decline may be a sign,  
Some great event is nigh,

Let us remark, how black and dark,  
Was the ensuing night;  
And for a time the moon declines,  
And did not give her light.

Can mortal man this wonder scan?  
Or tell a second cause?  
Did not our God, then shake his rod,  
And alter nature's laws.

What great event next will be sent,  
Upon this guilty land?  
He only knows, who can dispose  
All things at his command.

Our wickedness we must confess,  
Is terrible and great;  
Sin is the thing, that we should shun,  
The thing God's soul doth hate.

Our mighty sins, God's judgment brings  
But still we harden ~~us~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>hearts</sup>;  
Those judgments great may not abate,  
~~Our~~ <sup>Our</sup> our overthrow.

How ~~sin~~ <sup>sinners</sup> stands in all our towns,  
Now in these Gospel days!  
How vice Prevails, and virtue falls,  
And godliness decays.

If we reflect, can we expect  
According to our doing?  
But that we are, as we may see,  
Just on the brink of ruin.

Awake, awake, your sins forsake,  
And that immediately;  
If we don't turn, his wrath will burn,  
To all eternity.

This is the day, that sinners may  
Repent, and turn to God;  
If they delay and woo't obey,  
Then they must feel his rod.

How good and kind would sinners find  
Their great Redeemer now;  
If they'd awake; their sins forsake,  
And to his Sceptre bow.

The Gospel call is unto all;  
Repent, why will ye die?  
Why will you go to endless woe,  
And pass my mercy by?

Come unto me, Jesus doth say,  
All ye that weary are;  
Ye shall find rest, ye shall be blest,  
For so his words declare.

If after all, this gracious call  
You utterly refuse;  
And stop your ear and will not hear,  
But your own ruin choose;

Mercy abuse, and grace refuse,  
Justice then takes the throne;  
And in some hour Almighty Power  
Will make his vengeance known.

O dreadful state, when 'tis too late,  
For sinners to return;  
When life and breath is lost in death,  
The Soul in Hell must burn.

What mortal tongue, what human pen  
The terror can declare,  
That sinners all in hell, who shall  
That dreadful torments bear?

Eternity! Eternity!  
Behold there is no end,  
Where sinners lie, and wish to die,  
Who into Hell descend.

And now let all, who hear this call  
And saw the day so dark;  
Make haste away without delay,  
And get into the Ark,

Then safe shall he, forever be,  
That doth to Jesus come,  
He need not fear though death be near  
Since Heaven is his home.